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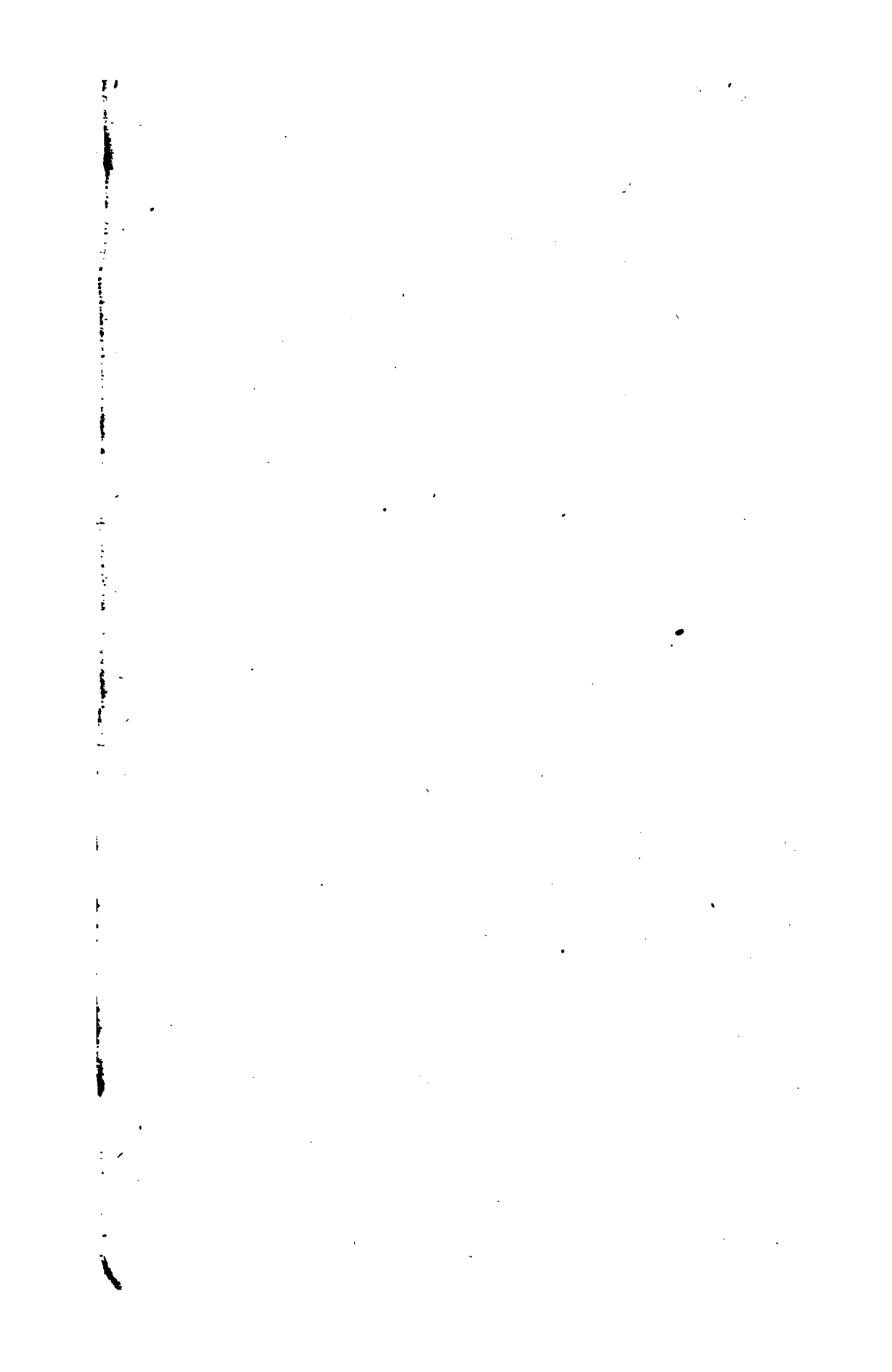


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C A M B R I D G E .

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WILLIAM,
LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL,
MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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*Trinity College,
February, 1810.*

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These pages, therefore, which have no reference to that undertaking, cannot gratify those expectations, and must be considered

merely as juvenile productions, which they truly are. This is not said to disarm criticism of its severity, for although a combination of circumstances enforce the immediate publication of the present work, the author wishes to derive instruction from the superior knowledge of others, and to submit in silence to that censure, which admonishes, enlightens, and improves.

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FAITH AND SCIENCE.

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

CLAD in a robe of azure hue
Amid the countless globes of day,
Proud Science, radiant to the view,
Rang'd the wide spheres, and solar way.

Her temples wore a mystic wreath,
Yet half unknown to wond'ring man :
Sublime she ken'd the stars beneath,
Wav'd her bright wand ; and thus began :—

“ What heav'n-born man, what angel mind,
“ To these celestial heights can rise ;
“ Or borne upon the viewless wind,
“ Trace the vast wonders of the skies ?

"Thron'd on day's cherub car I ride,
 "And govern with my sovereign word,
 "The stars, in all their beaming pride,
 "Night's pensive queen, day's orient lord.

"The glitt'ring planets, as they roll,
 "Earth, with its wond'rous frame, is mine;
 "From sphere to sphere, from pole to pole,
 "I rule, all-mighty, all divine."

The boaster spake, when, lo! there shone,
 Pois'd in the firmament afar,
 A form refulgent as the sun,
 And brilliant as the morning star.

Along the wide ethereal road
 Flash'd the bright beaming of her crest;
 On cherubim sublime she rode,
 And thus th' exulting queen address:

"Proud mortal born, give ear, and say,
 "Canst thou compare, though all refin'd,
 "With FAITH, transcendent as the day,
 "Faith, offspring of th' immortal mind.

“ True :—the wide universe is thine ;

“ Each planet rolls at thy decree :

“ The fields of space, the stars divine,

“ And conquer'd Nature yields to thee.

“ But canst thou range beyond the sphere,

“ And bring the world unseen to view ?

“ Ah, no ! e'en Science falters here,

“ And proves her mightiest boasts untrue.

“ But I, serene, on seraph car,

“ Can burst the blazing arches wide ;

“ The golden gates of bliss unbar,

“ And through the yielding portals ride.

“ There, where Jehovah sits enthron'd,

“ Amidst his own SHECHINAH's flame,

“ Faith pierces, and with glory zon'd,

“ Joins the bright pomp, and tunes his name.

“ Let the world's starting pillars fall,

“ Let Nature fly her fix'd abode ;

“ Thy powers must yield, but I thro' all,

“ With tranquil eye, still hail my God.”

THE FAIRIES.

THE FAIRIES.

SYLPHS and Sylphids, haste away!
See, the parting beam of day,
Dimly glowing in the west,
Marks tir'd mortals' hour of rest.
Now the moon, advancing high,
Leads the planets through the sky :
Hark, and hark, the silver bell,
Softly tinkles through the dell ;
With a quick step, light, and airy,
Comes Queen Mab, the royal Fairy ;
While around their sylvan queen,
Sylphs and Sylphids all are seen,
While th' according bells are ringing,
In a merry concert singing :—

Trip round the ring,
 And merrily sing,
 "All hail be to Mab, the sylphid queen."

Hark! in the gale
 The minstrels play;
 The glow-worms fail;—
 Then haste away.

But loudly we echo our praises to thee,
 And honour profoundly Mab's decree :
 That nothing by Fairies unjust be done.—
 Morning beams, the night is gone.

Hark again—the merry bell :
 Sylphs and Sylphids all, farewell !
 The sun begins to drink the dew ;
 Part we must : adieu ! adieu !
 But again we will meet,
 And cheerfully greet
 The hour we unite in the praise of our queen.

Bring the last gleam
 Of the evening beam :
 Let the busy bee
 Bring his honey ; when we
 Across the broider'd green,
 May form the ring,
 And merrily sing,
 In praise of Mab our queen.

III.

But see—the queen herself arise!
 Anger flashes from her eyes,
 Sight unseen by Sylphs before.
 Is the secret reason known
 Yonder bee before the throne
 Hums aloud, and cannot soar?
 Sylphids, listen ! Mab aloud
 Calls to all the Fairy crowd.

MAB.

Sylphs and Sylphids, Fairy elves,
 Where a human being delves

The moisten'd earth, and plants his flowers
 For Mab, and all her Fairy powers;
 In a lily's silver head,
 Elf Pollena chanc'd to tread;
 To catch the sun-beam, and to sleep
 In its ivory cup so deep.
 Thither came yon wounded bee,
 Roaming innocent and free;
 There to load his ready thighs,
 With the honey's yellow prize:
 Peacefully again to fly,
 As the evening shades were nigh.

Then within the cup conceal'd,
 By the stalk's high shadow veil'd,
 Pollena swift as fairy thought,
 Quick, the burden'd insect caught,
 To take away the honied load,
 And bring it to your queen's abode.

Swift the frightened insect fled,
 Above a tree, across the mead,
 And strove to reach the gossamer,
 Borne on Zephyr through the air.
 On a sun-beam now they flew,
 Now they met the coming dew,

THE POET.

Trip round the ring,
 And merrily sing,
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THE POET.

THE POET.

OFt have my anxious Friends combin'd
To tear the wreath themselves had twin'd :
Reprov'd, and bade me ne'er engage
In song, nor love the metred page.
Song is the phantom grac'd with smiles,
Which pleases, but the heart beguiles ;
'Tis Prudence calls thee to disclaim
The idle hope of endless fame ;
And toil to gain the golden ore,
And sing, when blest with fortune's store.
Then yeild to wealth the Minstrel's pride,
And lay th' exalted verse aside.

Such was the charge :—I knew them kind,
 And promis'd all the task assign'd.
 But all was vain! In vain I tried
 To struggle 'gainst the rushing tide;
 I check'd in vain the rising thought,
 And Reason's power was vain :
 For while my glowing bosom burn'd,
 Th' indignant Muse the fetters spurn'd,
 And pour'd the impetuous strain :—

“ When the sounding tones aspire,
 “ Breathing from the raptur'd lyre.
 “ Wilt thou check the noble fire?

“ Shall poverty or scorn affright thee,
 “ When the Muses deign t' invite thee,
 “ And Poesy's mild charms delight thee?

“ Or when Pity's thrilling measures
 “ Ope the soul's luxuriant treasures,
 “ Canst thou lull the tear-fill'd pleasures?

“ Canst thou bid the Lord of Day
“ In his course of glory stay,
“ Nor more pursue his burning way?

“ Bid the north-wind cease to roar?
“ Repel the billow from the shore?
“ Command the Fancy not to soar?

“ Canst thou bind th’ eternal whole?
“ Or forbid the stars to roll?
“ Still thou couldst not bind the soul.

“ Oh! how boundless is the fame,
“ Fancy’s vision bids thee claim!
“ Canst thou quench the noble flame?

“ Now, e’en now, through ether gleaming,
“ Through yon azure concave streaming,
“ I see the fairy visions beaming.

“ And though thy youthful sight evading,
“ Dimly seen yet never fading,
“ Canst thou heed Man’s vain dissuading?

“ Then where’er thy Fancy roving,

“ Wing’d with Poesy, may stray ;

“ Follow, Youth ! and still improving,

“ Fame and Genius guide thy way.”

ELEGY.

ELEGY.

THE last long echo of the midnight bell
Sweeps with dull roar across the barren heath :
Enwrapt in thought, I bid the world farewell,
And seek with trembling step th' abode of Death.

On iron hinge the door grates harsh ; the wind
Pours through the trees a melancholy sound ;
While Fancy, rousing with strange awe the mind,
Calls Contemplation terror-wing'd around.

Say, whence this secret fear of things unknown,
This sudden horror and resistless dread,
That chills my bosom as I trace alone
The grave's dull monuments, the silent dead ?

Why should I fear to tread this thick'ning gloom ?

Or why this wild emotion seize my frame ?

A solemn myst'ry hovers round the tomb,

The consciousness of things I dare not name.

Beyond that yew-tree shade, still seem to glide

The grisly tenants of the darksome tomb,

Their shadowy forms flit past in silent pride,

And blame the steps that visit their dull home.

See, how on high their meagre arms they wave !

See, how their eyeless sockets seem to glare !

They wave my trembling footsteps from the grave,

And tread sublime upon the viewless air.

And we are spirits, though on earth confin'd,

Imprison'd in this tenement of clay :

The body drops ; then soars th' immortal mind

Mid other spirits of celestial ray.

We are surrounded by the world of souls ;

Attendant spirits fly around unseen ;

Our mortal state alone the mind controuls,

And hides the beings of immortal mien.

Enthron'd in certain mystery of fate

Death sits, and summons to his court mankind;
Subjects and kings, in melancholy state,
Hear the stern call, and leave the world behind.

Sceptres and mitres, coronets and crowns,
The conqueror's laurel, and the poet's wreath,
Alike the monarch's and the peasant's bones,
Strew the long road, and mark the way to death.

Propp'd by this marble tomb around I see
Confus'dly scatter'd near, without a plan,
The mould'ring relics of mortality,
The liveliest monitors to thoughtless man.

There lies a youth, whose disappointed pride
Urg'd to tremendous deeds the daring soul,
Ambition's potent laws his only guide,
His only aim ambition's luring goal.

Visions of grandeur, and immortal fame,
Strew'd with delusive flow'rs life's blissful way,
But, lightning-wing'd, stern Disappointment came,
And rang'd her adverse ills in long array.

Contempt exulted, and with iron frown
 Abash'd the youth, o'erwhelm'd with conscious grief;
 Reason's loud calls Despair and Pride disown,
 And urge the sullen soul to base relief.

" If life begin in misery and woe, .
 " How sad must life conclude!" the sufferer cried;
 Rous'd to the desp'rate deed, the fatal blow
 He struck, and with remorseless anguish died !

Teach me, Almighty Power, to bear the woes,
 Which wait on life, and rise at thy command ;
 Ne'er let me seek within the grave repose,
 Nor check Death's long delay with impious hand.

There, in the distant shade so deep and dull,
 Close by the side of his domestic tomb,
 Is thrown with careless scorn a parent's skull,
 To give the remnant of his offspring room.

There, through the branches of yon cheerless yew,
 In sov'reign majesty the Queen of Night,
 With lustre back reflected by the dew,
 Pours on these sod-clad graves her pensive light.

And those, who sleep below, in life's gay bloom,
 At summer eve, or in the pride of spring,
 Heedless of cares that cloth'd their age in gloom,
 Around this tree have form'd the festive ring.

And still in spring the village children come
 With lightsome steps at evening's tranquil hour,
 Unconscious sport upon a parent's tomb,
 There join the dance, or pluck the radiant flow'r.

But these, when smiling infancy is past,
 And manhood claims the tenants of the soil,
 Must bear alike misfortune's varied blast,
 Labour, and want, and poverty, and toil.

Let not presumption say, the poor alone,
 Alone the rich, have joy or sorrow here;
 The checquer'd scenes of life to each are known,
 Howe'er diversified its active sphere.

There slowly crawling o'er the flesh-fed soil,
 To seek yon new-turn'd earth the graves among,
 Wreathing his length in many a twining coil,
 The tardy earthworm drags his form along.

Child of corruption, truly dost thou seek
 With mortal appetite thy destin'd prey ;
 There thou shalt fatten on a lovely cheek,
 And glut thy noisome length with virgin clay.

In yonder new-made grave, consumption-worn
 The gay, the great, the lov'd Eliza lies :
 Foul reptile, gorge upon the proud high-born,
 Nor spare the beauty of thy youthful prize.

There penetrate, there sweetly feed, dig deep,
 Pierce the sunk eyes, and revel on the breast ;
 The fair one at thy banquet will not weep,
 Nor rival lovers claim thy nauseous feast.

Attend ye gay, ye proud, who love to tread
 The paths of joy, hy pleasure's train ador'd :
 Ye too must bow, and mingle with the dead,
 The grave your home, the reptile worm your lord.

And when, soft streaming on the dewy air,
 The song of pleasure lifts your courage high,
 With bliss eternal earthly joys compare,
 But think on Death's dread hour, and learn to die.

SAUL AND DAVID;
OR THE
SONG OF DAVID BEFORE SAUL.
A
DYTHYRAMBIC POEM.

PART I.

SAUL AND DAVID,

&c. &c.

PART I.

I.

HIGH at the royal board of state,
The mighty chief of Israel sate,
The silent victim of despair,
And conscious guilt, and gnawing care.
For, ah! his short career of time
Was stain'd with many a black'ning crime,
And conscience stern began to dart
Its venom'd rage around his heart;
While all that royalty could boast
Was on the wild invader lost.

II.

Nor festive dance, nor choral song,
 As through the hall the notes prolong
 The soft, the soothing strain ;
 Nor love, nor splendor, here could charm
 The sting of guilt, or aught disarm
 The never-ceasing pain.

III.

The secret voice of guilt ascending,
 And with the joyous measures blending,
 With whisper soft but never ending,
 Cries in his royal ear :
 He, who feels the fierce corroding,
 Future death and woe foreboding,
 Nor heeds the word within,
 But hugs the darling sin,
 Whether beggar, chief, or king,
 He shall feel an endless sting,
 Nor mercy find hereafter, nor consolation here.

IV.

Horror-struck, the monarch rose,
 Wildly shrieking— “ Fiend-like foes !

" Causeless banishers of peace !
 " Cease, exulting dæmons, cease !
 " Were my boding fears in vain,
 " When I heard the prophet's strain,
 " The sons of Saul, on Israel's throne, shall never,
 never, reign ?

V.

" Hence, menials ! hence, ye servile throng,
 " With your discordant tuneless song !
 " Go, slaves ! the shepherd-minstrel bring,
 " To soothe the tortures of your king :
 " For once I found his tuneful lyre,
 " Could chase despair, and rouse desire,
 " And mould the pliant soul at ease,
 " To what his varied skill might please."

VI.

Such the command ;—at the high word
 Th' attendants rush to serve their lord,
 Except the guards, whom courtesy
 Held round in listless apathy.

But these e'en trembled when they saw,
 The quiv'ring frame, the look of awe.
 Dark was the low'ring brow,
 And stern the eye :
 And now he smil'd, and now
 Look'd round all gloomily,
 As if some dæmon had possess'd
 The fear-struck sov'reign's breast.

VII.

And dreadful was the mournful sigh
 By anguish utter'd, long and slow ;
 As if the soul within would try
 To burst its manacle of woe,
 And from its yielding mansion fly :
 Alternate passions sway'd his mind,
 And each might there his fellow find.

VIII.

But now the portals wide expand,
 And shew return'd th' attendant band
 In menial pride :
 They, rang'd on either side,
 Fulfill'd their mighty king's command.

IX.

Advancing slow before the crowd,
 The grateful minstrel now appears,
 Joy of his sire's declining years :
 To Saul, exalted high, he bow'd ;
 Slowly he strode, with native grace ;
 His beauteous face, his kindling eye,
 His form of god-like symmetry,
 Majestic air, sublimer port,
 With wonder fill'd the gazing court,
 And seem'd to stamp him high above the human race.

X.

And when th' allotted seat he took,
 No blush o'erspread his glowing cheek,
 No fear forbade his tongue to speak,
 His eye was firm, and calm his look.
 Regardless of the gazing throng
 He sate, and in his hand display'd
 A harp, with gold and gems inlaid ;
 And, musing deep on heav'nly things,
 Thoughtful and slow he swept the strings ;

Till on the raptur'd mental sight,
 Burst the full vision, grandly bright,
 To fill his tuneful soul, and teach seraphic song :
 And then abrupt he strung the lyre,
 And then the sounding tones aspire,
 As o'er the golden chords he ran :
 In solemn-sounding symphony,
 In flowing cadence sweetly free,
 In wild and varied harmony,
 The heav'n taught song began :—

I.

“ The birth of time shall be my theme,
 The work of God, the dread supreme.
 Uprose th' eternal God,
 Creation's hour was come,
 On darkness firm his footsteps trod,
 And lightnings shew'd the gloom.
 At the dread sign, each cherub form
 Was clad in tempest, fire, and storm,
 And on their sounding wings abroad,
 Through the wide heav'ns Jehovah rode !

II.

" From realms of bliss,
 Above th' abyss,
 He look'd around,
 Upon the deep profound.
 That one ! that one tremendous look
 Drove the abyss away !
 The gates of Heav'n with terror shook,
 And Hell before him lay !

III.

" Such was the glance of God !—
 Such was his will !—
 And the harps of the seraphs in wonder were still,
 As from above,
 The Godhead drove
 The chaos down ;
 And fearful silence reign'd around the heav'nly hill.
 Himself the fearful silence brake,
 Earth's orbit into being spake,
 And fix'd thereon his throne.

IV.

“ There terribly serene,
 In majesty he sate,
 And bound the mighty scene
 In adamantine fate.
 ‘ Let Nature be,’
 • Jehovah said,

And the vast world sprung forth t’ obey the firm decree.
 Then Time began his infant sway,
 Then Nature saw her primal day.

V.

“ Light, obeying first the Word,
 Swam exulting round it’s Lord ;
 New-made morning rose on high,
 But blush’d before the Deity ;
 Held, for a day, it’s progress bright,
 Bow’d to it’s God, and join’d the night.
 The firmament’s wide curtains swell
 The tented space, where cherubs dwell.
 Next vibrating into motion,
 In air suspended, at the call,
 Girded by the rolling ocean,
 Trembling rose our earthly ball :

Herb, and flower, and grass, and corn,
 Began the rising earth t' adorn ;
 And then the Sun began his race,
 Rejoic'd to run the round of space ;
 But in his orb his fervid beam
 Was cold before the dread Supreme :
 Planets in their circles run
 Around their orient lord the Sun :
 Night's vast globes, exalted high,
 Through air their courses steer ;
 Comets wild eccentric fly
 In their trackless sphere.

VI.

“ Each living thing Jehovah view'd,
 And all the scene was fair ;
 His high behest pronounc'd it good ;
 But Man was wanted there.
 Knowledge supreme, and love divine,
 And wondrous power, O Lord, were thine,
 United in the work so awfully benign :
 And Wisdom spake
 The high behest,
 The purpose of th' eternal breast :

“ WE, the Creator of the Day,
 “ WE stamp our image on the clay,
 “ And call th’ impression MAN!”

VII.

“ The dust began to move ;
 The Spirit of Life rush’d from above,
 And starting into light
 Man rose, majestic, at the call.
 He knew his God ;
 And silent and serenely bow’d,
 While thus Jehovah spake :—

VIII.

“ Son of Ourselves, while dwelling here,
 “ Govern and fill thy native sphere ;
 “ And when th’ allotted time shall come,
 “ Thy Father’s Heav’n shall be thy home.
 “ Angels, anticipate the day,
 “ With you resides this child of clay,
 “ Alike the son of earth and heav’n ;
 “ To him his native earth, and native skies be giv’n.”

IX.

" Hush'd as the solemn hour,
 When darkness fled
 The new-made light,
 And hid its head,
 Confus'd in night,
 Was each angelic power;
 Until each cherub charioteer
 Perceiv'd th' Eternal's will,
 And 'gan their star-deck'd plumes to rear,
 His purpose to fulfil.
 Spontaneous to their thrones above
 The heav'nly host began to move.

X.

" Oh! how melodious was the song,
 Tun'd by the God-adoring throng,
 As through this vast, this concave frame,
 They sang the honours of his name.
 The grand seraphic choir
 Struck at once the golden lyre.

XI.

“ Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
“ To the Lord of life and light,
“ To the God of boundless might.
“ Girt with omnipotence he rode,
“ A heav’n and earth creating God,
“ Around the confines of the sky,
“ In all-excelling majesty,
“ And bade a formless chaos prove
“ His sov’reign power, his wondrous love.
“ Sun and Moon, ye heav’nly host,
“ Wand’ring through yon azure coast,
“ Ye new-made forms that live on earth,
“ Praise him, who gave your being birth :
“ Fire, and heat, and wind, and shower,
“ And day, and night, and cloud, and dew,
“ And each exalted angel power,
“ Praise him, whose word created you.
“ Who shall from him dominion sever,
“ Of power and glory, ceasing never?
“ For ever his kingdom endureth, for ever.”

XII.

" Oh ! my lyre,
 Canst thou tune th' extatic joy,
 The mighty swell of harmony
 Of that immortal song?—The air,
 And every planet, paus'd to hear ;
 All space resounded, as the strain
 Pour'd through the universal plain ;
 And earth astonish'd stopp'd it's course,
 As with a vast resistless force
 It swept along its rotund orb ;
 And every blazing star that shone
 Proudly led his fellows on,
 And join'd th' ethereal choir.

XIII.

" And when Echo first was calm,
 Or round the turrets of the sky
 Cast its dying melody,
 Was there aught beside to charm?—

Yes! For in that solemn hour,
 Softly trembling through the air,
 Borne on wings of silence there,
 A softer song was heard to pour.
 'Twas the first song of Man! He trod
 In humble majesty his kindred sod,
 And paid his grateful thanks to his creator, God.

XIV.

"Now the world's wide-created bound,
 Studded with glowing stars around,
 Was past; and near their golden home
 The seraph pomp triumphant come.
 "Open, ye gates of day!" they said,
 The everlasting doors obey'd.
 Jehovah enter'd to his rest,
 View'd the grand whole sublime, and blest
 The finish'd world. Heav'n loudly rung
 With hallelujahs, and the choir
 Of heav'n—But, oh! No more, my lyre!
 Check thy presumptuous lay: alone
 To heav'n that lofty song was known:

Celestial harmony the strain.

My lyre, my lyre! No farther go :—

All that of heaven can now remain

Aspiring Man must die to know!"



SAUL AND DAVID.

&c. &c.

PART II.

I.

HUSH'D was the song; but all around
Still seem'd to listen to the sound,
As in a sweetly soothing fall
It gently died throughout the hall :
Still as the silence of the night,
Or rising beam of morning light:
Still as the caverns of the grave, .
Alike was chieftain, prince, or slave :
None their admiration spake,
None the sacred silence brake ;

But, rapt in musing thought, regard
 And wonder at the youthful bard.
 He, on his golden harp reclin'd,
 Revolv'd within his mighty mind
 Unseen existence, unreveal'd,
 And glorious scenes from man conceal'd.
 The mighty chief of Israel's host,
 In like astonishment was lost,
 Fill'd with the grandeur of the theme,
 The glory of the Great Supreme.

II.

But when his sense of guilt return'd,
 In anguish deep the monarch mourn'd;
 That pain'd his inmost breast to know
 This potent God, this God his foe!

III.

When haughty Amalek defied
 The hosts of heav'n, in giant pride;
 When in horrid battle raging,
 With Israel's mighty chief engaging,

He ravag'd Judah's fated land ;
 To Saul was giv'n the dread command
 To meet with dauntless breast the storm,
 And heav'n's almighty will perform ;
 Nor king, nor chief, nor people spare,
 Nor for deserved suff'rings care.
 Saul disobey'd !—Hence the decree,
 His kingdom should another's be ;
 And hence arose the ceaseless sting,
 That troubled Israel's angry king.

IV.

Loud he exclaim'd (while through his soul
 The hidden storms of horror roll :)
 " O tune thy lyre to notes of joy,
 " Pour the whole soul of harmony,
 " To soothe my mind, to give me peace,
 " And bid my secret trouble cease ;
 " Thy powerful strains, O lyre, controul
 " The racking torments of the soul ;
 " And, when th' impassion'd harp-strings glow,
 " Banish our ev'ry earthly woe.
 " O then assuage my pangs again,
 " Again resume thy rapt'rous strain."

v.

The minstrel rose, and cast aside
 The flow'ring mantle's broider'd pride :
 With eye sublime, and soul of fire,
 Again he struck the golden lyre ;
 But solemn and serenely slow
 The varied numbers 'gan to flow ;
 Mild veneration on his tongue,
 Th' adoring minstrel loudly sung :—

I.

“ Say, is there one of human kind
 With soul so grov'ling and so blind,
 Whose tuneless lyre alone will dwell
 On earthly things, nor dare to swell,
 To tune the noblest, grandest theme,
 The glory of the Great Supreme?
 The fields of fight, the val'rous deed,
 The slaughter'd chiefs, the foaming steed,
 The hero in his clattering car,
 And all the trophied pride of war,

The joys of youth, the silent grove,
 And youths, or maids, who died for love,
 Nature and seasons, place and time,
 In simple note, or note sublime,
 Morning, and eve, and night, and day,
 Alike have claim'd the poet's lay.
 But who will love the raptur'd song,
 That mere imagination sings ;
 When far beyond terrestrial things,
 She bears the glowing soul along,
 Through trackless space, and spheres unknown,
 Through worlds unseen by man, and regions all her own?

II.

" Truth tunes my lyre,
 And swells its wild harmonious tide,
 Of fancy's mystic power devoid,
 In heav'n-directed conscious pride.
 Truth aids my sounding lyre to pour
 Its lofty strain, and God adore,
 Nor with imagination soar,
 Wild as the lightning flash, and roving as desire.

III.

" Ere space was fill'd with worlds, and chaos free
 From tumult wild, and raging anarchy,
 Before the land or swelling flood
 On their confirm'd foundations stood,
 Before the stars together shone,
 Fix'd was th' eternal throne
 Above the Heav'n of Heav'ns in radiant majesty.
 Absorb'd in his transcendant light,
 The God, whose will is fate,
 Majestic sate,
 And veil'd his sapphire throne in night.
 Attendant seraphs hymn'd their lord,
 And all the hosts of Heav'n ador'd :
 The various worlds that man can trace,
 That roll in golden orbs through space,
 In universal chorus join
 To praise their maker, God, in song divine.

IV.

" Not to the seraphs round his throne,
 Not to the shining worlds above,
 Th' eternal blessings of his love,
 Were all display'd alone.

His condescending mind
 To every world his gifts assign'd,
 He pour'd his spirit down on forms that dwell
 In other worlds, and bade them swell
 The universal song of praise,
 That new-departed spirits hear,
 When earth and mortals disappear,
 And ent'ring on the world to come,
 They hail their God, and Heav'n their home,
 Join with their angel guides, and loudest anthems raise.
 He gave the stars their silver light
 To grace the azure reign of night.
 Yet he, whose glory fills the sky,
 Who chides his lightnings as they fly,
 Who bids the wheels of nature cease to move,
 Shakes the wide earth below, and Heav'n above,
 Lord of th' unnumber'd worlds that trace
 Their silent course through boundless space;
 To all these worlds his gifts assign'd,
 But pour'd his choicest blessings down to grace mankind.

v.

" Lord! when thy wonders I survey,
 The varied glories of the day ;

Or view the starry lights on high,
 That deck with gorgeous train the sky;
 Or where the distant planets roll
 Along the never-hidden pole;
 Where the fierce comet's glitt'ring car
 Bickers 'mid other worlds afar;
 Or hear thy whelming thunders break,
 Or hear thy voice in whirlwind speak;—
 Lord, what is man that he should be
 Regarded, honour'd thus, by Thee?

VI.

" A footstep in a dreary waste,
 The sound of music when 'tis past,
 A tale told out, a shadowy dream,
 A meteor glancing on a stream,
 A vessel's track, a winter's day,
 A swift-wing'd arrow's closing way,
 A wasting lamp, a shade, a span,
 Picture the fading life of man;
 Yet thou to him thy love hast giv'n,
 And blest the human race, and smil'd on man from
 Heav'n.

VII.

" When worn by sickness or disease,
 Delight hath lost its power to please;
 When glory tires, and pleasures fade,
 And honour sickens at parade;
 Or conscience, shudd'ring at the view
 Of crimes the soul recalls anew,
 To horror rouses every grief
 And spurns indignant all relief;
 When vice her scorpion-sting prepares,
 And whelms the trembling mind with fears;
 When wealth, ambition, fortune, pride,
 Lose their whole charms and men deride,
 Dissolv'd in dying agony;—
 There is a charm for every woe
 The sons of Heav'n alone can know,
 Transcending every power of magic harmony.

VIII.

" Happy the man, to whom is giv'n
 The peaceful thought, the mind serene,
 Pardon for God-offending sin,
 And blessings from the Lord of Heav'n.
 From Heav'n, ethereal Peace, descend,
 The dying sinners only friend!

And wipe our widows' tears away,
 And bid a guileless age return ;
 Make our poor orphans cease to mourn,
 And re-assert thy tranquil sway ;
 Let Israel's tribes with thee repair,
 And crowd our temples, while they twine
 Fresh flowers for thee, and crown thee there
 Their friend, their queen, their guard benign :
 Twine round thy brow the flow'ry wreath,
 Saviour from war, and fear, and death.

IX.

" Then shall the barren earth be blest,
 Then shall the weary sleep in rest :
 The weak, the poor, the sick, the blind,
 The dead itself, thy power shall know ;
 The sinner shall his pangs forego,
 And peace and consolation find ;
 The sword shall break the fallow glebe,
 Lost to the use of war's alarms,
 And spiders weave their filmy web
 Within the soldier's brazen arms.
 The barren wilderness shall bloom,
 And age alone shall find a tomb.

" And, oh ! what joys does God impart
 To one repentant wounded heart,
 That silent mourns for sin !
 Then shall the Saviour witness peace,
 And bid his comfort still increase,
 And heav'n on earth begin.
 In youth, in health, should death be giv'n,
 He trusts his God, in hope serene,
 And blessings as the dew of heav'n
 Shall fall, and calm his dying scene.
 The wheels of time shall roll along,
 And bear him to th' eternal throng,
 Who ceaseless sing th' angelic song
 That fills the Heav'n of Heav'ns on high
 With its seraphic harmony !
 This is the song to give thee peace ;
 'Tis this will bid thy trouble cease ;
 This is the lyre, that can controul
 The agonies that rack thy soul !
 This, O my chief, the raptur'd strain,
 That can allay thy every pain,
 And from our monarch's soul expunge the guilty stain."

VI.

Thus while the minstrel sung, his eye of fire
 Spoke the strong language of his "living lyre ;"
 The monarch saw, and call'd to view the time,
 When, like the tuneful boy, he knew no crime ;
 With anxious cares, and envious bodings crost,
 Gloomy he sate, again in horror lost.
 He heard the song no more : the minstrel's ease
 And varied charms had lost their power to please ;
 But when the glowing bard himself address,
 And louder, bolder, swept the strings, his breast
 Rous'd to revenge, aw'd by no inward fear,
 Spurn'd reason's soothing pow'r ; the steel-topt spear
 Sudden he seiz'd, he pois'd, and hurl'd the dart
 With madding anguish at the minstrel's heart,
 And but a hand unseen had turn'd the blow,
 The future hope of Israel had laid low.
 Bick'ring it gleam'd along the lofty hall,
 Pierc'd through the minstrel's coat and cleft the wall.
 Awe-struck the timid menials rush between
 The frowning monarch and the bard serene,
 And wild dismay and tumult clos'd the scene.

H O P E.

H O P E.

I.

H O P E ! no more, thou soft beguiler,
Shalt thou rule my anguish'd breast ;
Fond deceiver ! treach'rous smiler !
Yielder of unreal rest !
Ah, Hope ! thou hast deceiv'd me !

II.

Clad in beauties all adorning
Once I pictur'd out my way ;
Cheerful was the radiant morning
Of a sad and pensive day.
Ah, Hope ! thou hast deceiv'd me !

III.

Though thou deck thy brow, enticer,
With an amaranthine wreath,
Reason whispers, kind adviser,
Ev'ry flow'r has thorns beneath.
Ah, Hope! thou hast deceiv'd me!

IV.

Though far wafted on thy pinion,
Through the realms of bliss I stray,
Still thou art faithless! thy dominion,
Reason, teach me to obey;
For Hope! thou hast deceiv'd me!

HAMILCAR AND HANNIBAL.

HAMILCAR AND HANNIBAL.

I.

“ Now, my boy, the hour is come
“ To swear eternal war with Rome !
“ Before this sacred altar bow,
“ And seal with blood the solemn vow.
“ Swear by the Heav’n of Heav’ns above ;
“ Swear by the pow’r of mighty Jove ;
“ Swear by Alcides’ statue here,
“ That frowns an awful witness near ;
“ Swear by th’ infernal gods beneath,
“ And all the ties of hell and death ;
“ Swear by thy father’s wrongs, my boy,
“ To hate the curs’d remains of Troy ;
“ By Carthage swear, thy honour’d home,
“ Eternal enmity to Rome !”

II.

" I swear !" the god-like youth replied,
 As with a youthful warrior's pride
 He bent below the flaming pyre,
 And pray'd to Heav'n's eternal sire,
 " Eternal Father of Mankind !
 " If justice claim thy hallow'd ear,
 " Hear ! our Eternal Father, hear !
 " Launch thy dread lightning from the sky,
 " And bid thy vengeful thunder fly
 " To quell the pride of Rome, and shew
 " Our guardian God can crush our foe !
 " Or, if it suit thy sov'reign will,
 " That Carthage thy decrees fulfil,
 " Hear, while I swear ! and grant the pow'r,
 " From this, from this tremendous hour,
 " T' obey my sire, avenge my home,
 " And wage eternal war with Rome !"

III.

" 'Tis well, my noble boy ! I see
 " Thy country's glory rais'd by thee !

“ And when thy father’s hoary head
“ Lies low amid the mighty dead ;
“ When here, my toilsome race is run,
“ My shade shall hover o’er my son,
“ Shall soothe his fears, his griefs assuage,
“ And shield him in the battle’s rage ;
“ To Hannibal for ever nigh,
“ A constant guardian deity !
“ And should the pride of Rome prevail,
“ And all the strength of Carthage fail,
“ Bid thine indignant soul be free,
“ And upward fly, and join with me
“ To weep in death our ruin’d home,
“ And curse the blood-gain’d pow’r of Rome!”

1

2

DEATH OF MOORE.

DEATH OF MOORE.

'TWAS night; the wild noise of the battle was ended;
The trumpet's dread clang, the fierce thunder of war,
No more with the groans of the dying were blended;
But sad were the sounds that were heard from afar!

For Britain's proud chieftain each warrior was mourning,
Thus closing too soon his fame-honour'd career,
And while each brave bosom for vengeance was burning,
Each hero's dark cheek was bedew'd with a tear.

'Mid the mountains of dead, the fires dimly were gleaming,
As through the long ranks the lov'd hero was borne;
Death's dull, languid gaze from his full eye was beaming,
And grief's poison'd arrow his bosom had torn.

“ Are they conquer’d,” he sigh’d, “ do our legions un-
 “ daunted

“ O’erwhelm the proud boasters of insolent France ;
 “ Or the Gallic battalions, as proudly they vaunted,
 “ In sweeping destruction, to conquest advance ?”

“ We triumph,” they answer’d, “ our squadrons pre-
 “ vailing,

“ Around their torn banners fresh laurels entwine !”
 In silence he smil’d, life’s last effort was failing,
 And England’s dread hero to death must resign.

“ O my country, be just ! thy great cause I defended,
 “ Thy sword have I drawn on this far distant shore :
 “ My mother——” Stern Death the endearing words
 ended,
 But to Fame he resign’d the bright honours of MOORE.

THE
PROTECTION OF BRITAIN.

THE
PROTECTION OF BRITAIN.

I.

IN the fields of light afar,
High above the morning star,
Satan sate, and view'd beneath,
Ruthless Sin, triumphant Death,
Bind in agonizing woe
All the heav'n-born race below ;
Trac'd the progress he had made,
Saw where ev'ry dæmon sway'd,
Where they bade th' infernal spell
Populate the realms of hell.

II.

Exultation in his breast
Charm'd awhile his woe to rest !

" See!" he cried, " Incarnate Son,
 " What my hostile might hath done !
 " I have spoil'd in happy hour
 " This fair trophy of thy pow'r:
 " Hurl thy thunders, Lord of Heav'n!
 " Let me far from thee be driv'n,
 " Countless ages bind me down,
 " E'en in hell I rear my throne!
 " Monarch ever will I be,
 " Nor my stern frame bow to thee !
 " Send thy direst horrors down ;
 " Favour'd man my sway shall own;
 " I forbid the worm to rise,
 " Tearing myriads from the skies.
 " Griding plagues inflict at will,
 " Know, Immanuel! Tyrant, know ! that I, that I am
 " victor still !"

III.

Stern he said : when Gabriel's form,
 Wrapt in majesty of storm,
 In the whirlwind's rage serene
 With a seraph's grace was seen:

" Monarch of the troubled air,
 " Fallen Potentate, forbear !
 " As the lightning dyes the West,
 " So upon thy beaming crest
 " Blood-red Sirius gleams afar,
 " Lord of ev'ry rolling star.
 " See it streams of splendour pour,
 " Eminent in night's dun hour ;
 " But with noxious death replete,
 " Fatal is it's darting heat,
 " Till day's orient Lord appear,
 " And the dread-struck gazer cheer,
 " Pouring from it's orb divine
 " Floods of fulgid light benign :
 " Stars their lessen'd glories hide,
 " Sirius sinks with fallen pride.
 " Son of the Morning, know, that thou
 " Art as Sirius, and must bow :
 " Midst the fallen lords of hell,
 " Never shalt thou, prince, excel.
 " Dreadful though thy banners beam,
 " Fatal with a splendid gleam,
 " Though as meteors of the air,
 " Fill'd with noxious death they glare,

" Still the Sun of Righteousness
 " Shall the dread-struck nations bless,
 " Send the glad refulgence round
 " To the world's benighted bound ;
 " Quell thy mighty rage, base fiend,
 " And thy fallen glories end !

IV.

" Prince of Darkness ! thus records
 " King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,
 " Name omnipotent, imprest
 " On the crimson-tinctur'd vest ;
 " Soon with eyes emitting flame,
 " And th' august, mysterious name
 " Graven on the mighty thigh,
 " Faithful, True, he cleaves the sky,
 , " Then, deceiver of mankind !
 " Thou thy recompence shalt find :
 " Fiercer plagues shall rend thy heart,
 " Than my fury could impart,
 " When in highest Heav'n we strove,
 ' Chief rebel, 'gainst the diadem'd Immanuel, God of
 " love,

V.

" Torment, anguish, dol'rous woe,
 " Pangs, etherial sense can know,
 " All that fallen seraphs knew,
 " When ye fell, a blasted crew !
 " These are joys with those compar'd,
 " Which shall Satan's crimes reward;
 " All those heart-felt pangs are bliss,
 " Extacy, oppos'd to this !
 " Agoniz'd thou then shalt view,
 " What an angry God can do.
 " Vile, accurs'd, blaspheming fiend,
 " Writhe in pangs that never end !
 " Ev'ry bolt that God shall throw,
 " Inflicting agony of woe,
 " Shall last, in undescriptive rage,
 " Through the revolving centuries of an eternal age!"

VI.

Ceas'd the pow'r. The fiend replied
 In fierceness of demoniac pride :
 " Seraph ! when appear the days,
 " Saints shall give Jehovah praise?

" Since the Patriarch Fathers slept,
 " All on earth the same have kept ;
 " Since undelug'd Noah rode
 " On the universal flood,
 " And, while his ark it's way pursu'd,
 " States and kingdoms sinking view'd,
 " Saw the giant's glory fade,
 " Wept the mighty ruin made,
 " Made by me, chief foe to 'him
 " Thron'd between the Cherubim ;
 " Since that hell-triumphant hour,
 " View the trophies of my pow'r.
 " Scarce the flood had disappear'd,
 " Ere huge Babel's fabric rear'd
 " It's stupendous bulk on high,
 " Rival of the vaulted sky :
 " Thence forc'd by the Almighty hand,
 " Man I rul'd in every land.
 " View the cities of the plain,
 " Faithful Abr'am plead in vain,
 " Misraim's fields by Israel sham'd,
 " And the River-dragon tam'd ;
 " Edom's chrystal sea divide,
 " Israel safely gain the side ;

" With wild exultation loud
 " Onward rush th' Ægyptian crowd;
 " Israel's guard his pow'r reveal,
 " Driving slow the cumb'rous wheel.
 " Shepherd Amram's Nile-born son
 " Finish what his God begun,
 " Stretch the potent rod afar,
 " And quick o'erwhelm the martial files, th' em-
 " battled ranks of war!

VII.

" Princedom, why should I recite
 " How I heaven's grace despite?
 " Heard'st thou not Abiram's cry
 " Shake Israel's tent, and pierce the sky?
 " Saw'st thou not the serpent spread,
 " Where the guilty wand'ers sped?
 " Balaam, from the rock afar,
 " View the dawn of Jacob's star,
 " Hail the prodigy divine,
 " Sighing, Shiloh is not mine!
 " Farther, Gabriel, farther trace
 " All idolaters his race;

" Till a son of Misraim's line
 " Prov'd that justice was divine ;
 " Israel's day of grace was past,
 " Mercy would not ever last,
 " Brake the wall of Salem down,
 " Ravish'd Zedekiah's crown,
 " Tore the blood-stain'd orbs away,
 " And bade his myriads far convey,
 " Those who dar'd their Lord despise,
 " Beyond Euphrates' willow'd banks, where Babel's
 " tow'rs arise.

VIII.

" Seraph! still my pow'r is seen,
 " From the Rhine to Boristhene ;
 " Where old Danube rolls his flood,
 " Sinda red with Hindoo blood ;
 " Where the streams of Ganges flow,
 " To the banks of Hoanho,
 " Farthest East to Anadar,
 " Down to Esperance afar,
 " To the silver Quito's shore,
 " Redden'd with Hispanian gore

" When they dy'd to bloody hue
 " The land for gold of rich Peru ;
 " Verging to the arctic pole,
 " Satan only rules the whole.

IX.

" Hierarch ! onward turn thine eye,
 " Where the realms of Albion lie ;
 " Canst thou see yon land so fair ?
 " Satan reigns triumphant there !
 " As a kingdom, view their crime,
 " Grav'd in blood by vengeful time ;
 " Nations by their gold embroil'd,
 " Till by Corsic robbers spoil'd ;
 " Desolation, death, and war,
 " Spreading round the world afar ;
 " Proud usurpers of the main,
 " Despot tyrants there they reign ;
 " There their winged thunders press,
 " Dashing down the palm of peace.
 " Afric's agonizing shriek
 " Can a Briton's rod bespeak ;
 " Ravish'd from their native shore,
 " Western isles to dye with gore.

" Hafnia's citadel and tow'rs
 " Shrunk alike from Albion's pow'rs,
 " When th' exulting Briton bore
 " Hafnia's navy from the shore ;
 " Fill'd the midnight sky with fire,
 " Sank the temple's lofty spire ;
 " And, when the cannon-bolt was hurl'd,
 " Dar'd defy the warring world.

x.

" Seraph ! can celestials weep ?
 " View 'cross the Angermanic deep,
 " And a murd'rous sight appears
 " To scald an angel's cheek with tears.
 " Talk'st thou of a dæmon's crimes ?
 " Look at Seriswatee's climes !
 " Sons of Britain there excel
 " The demoniac works of hell :
 " Wealth from Hindoo millions torn,
 " Cries of anguish heard with scorn ;
 " Scorn'd the wild convulsive moan,
 " Scorn'd the shriek and famish'd groan,
 " As their dying, dying sound,
 " Rung from Ganges' farthest bound.

" Sons of Britain ! ye must bear
 " Kingdoms cursing in despair !
 " Sons of Britain ! foes to man !
 " Of slavery's host ye lead the van !
 " Did ye Eastern monarchs whelm
 " 'Neath the ruin of their realm ?
 " Tear self-tort'ring Brama down,
 " Giving tyrants of your own ?
 " Heap upon the Christian name
 " Endless monuments of shame ?
 " Ravage India's gaudy zone ?
 " Trample on each native throne ?
 " Rob by violence and stealth
 " Piles on piles of Indian wealth ?
 " 'Grave thy crimes on Heaven's roll,
 " And with murder glut the soul ?
 " Yes, sons of Britain ! and your God
 " Shall pay your despot island with a recompence of
 " blood !"

XI.

Ceas'd the fiend. The planets shook
 As th' accusing thunder broke :

Pale the stars, and shrunk the skies,
 Round as gleam'd the torvous eyes,
 Wildly glaring down on man !
 When the Dominance began.

“ Hell-born monarch, sire of sin,
 “ Great indeed thy pow'r has been !
 “ Bold apostate, vast thy sway
 “ O'er the lower realms of day ;
 “ But to Him thou dar'st revile
 “ Thou shalt yield with all thy guile ;
 “ The God, to whom th' angelic throng
 “ And archangelic tune their song,
 “ Veiling their cherubic forms,
 “ Seraphs in his sight are worms !
 “ I am Gabriel, lo ! I stand
 “ Ever present at command ;
 “ But I tremble when I sing
 “ Dulcet praises to my king,
 “ And my sounding harp-strings jar,
 “ As I adoring sweep the chords, raptur'd in blissful awe.

XII.

“ 'Tis on yonder cliff-bound coast,
 “ Of the world the pain and boast ;

" Shiloh's olive flag unfurl'd,
 " Stands a beacon to the world.
 " The hierarch of hell shall see,
 " Britain God's lov'd land shall be!
 " Start'st thou? See the token shewn!
 " Far from Afric's torrid zone,
 " Cham's sky-piercing cry is heard,
 " Justice is to wealth preferr'd :
 " Guilty Britain learns to know
 " It's preserving God, and bow :
 " See the censer this hand bears,
 " It is fill'd with Britain's tears!
 " See yon fragrant cloud arise,
 " 'Tis embalm'd with Britain's sighs!

XIII.

" Happy island! soon from thee
 " Spreads the dawn of liberty;
 " Bless the world, bestowing peace;
 " Make it's war and trouble cease;
 " Rule on ocean's swelling tide,
 " Round the earth extending wide,
 " And, with Gonfalon unfurl'd,
 " Rescue from it's woe the world.

" Long Jehovah's hand alone
 " Hath preserv'd thee, though unknown ;
 " Still throughout the bounds of time
 " Shall he guard thee, land sublime ;
 " Make thee still his guardian care,
 " Lord alike of peace and war ;
 " And when distant nations rage,
 " Or in murd'rous fight engage ;
 " When thy yelling dæmons round
 " Crowd exulting at the sound,
 " Clap their sable plumes with joy
 " That man for hell can find employ ;
 " When, as mighty storms that roar
 " From the billow-beaten shore,
 " Or as threat'ning clouds that roll
 " From the snow-surrounded pole,
 " Wildly hover o'er the heath,
 " Ting'd with lightning's murky death,
 " Fiercely there awhile oppose,
 " And with abrupt clamour close ;
 " Thus when mighty hosts unite
 " In a steel-ting'd line the fight,
 " Then, beneath Jehovah's smile,
 " Britain, heav'n-protected isle !

“ Shall see the world to vengeance doom’d,
 “ And rest defended by her God, uninjur’d, uncon-
 “ sum’d !”

XIV.

Ceas’d the seraph tongue to speak,
 When an agonizing shriek
 Burst from Satan’s gloomy heart,
 Token of his inward smart ;
 Then his giant crest he rear’d,
 To the winds his bosom bar’d,
 Through the stars he took his flight,
 To join the dæmons of the deep, far in th’ abyss of
 night!

RAMSGATE;
OR THE
VISITORS OF A WATERING PLACE:
A SATIRIC POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS:

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

**Motives for Attendance on Watering-places — Among others,
Variety and the Love of Fashion — Their Effects partly de-
scribed — Employment of a Day — Apostrophe — Fashion-
able Mode of Entering — Walk on the Pier — Characters
of Men Young — Clergyman — Man of Fashion — Officers
of the Army — Affected Coxcomb — Young Nobleman —
Citizen — Conclusion.**

RAMSGATE.

BOOK I.

To trace the secret and attractive cause,
Which to our coasts it's idle thousands draws ;
To mark their varied objects of employ,
While seeking here, remote from home, their joy ;
Display their character in proper guise,
And lash with satire "folly as it flies,"
Be my appointed task. Assist me, Muse,
This page of human manners to peruse :
Mankind my study : aid me to review
But one small part, and draw the portrait true.

First of the causes, which unite to bind
In folly's chains a weak and wav'ring mind,

Is the grand wish, the universal cry,
 The never-ending whim of novelty.
 Hence in Augusta's walls we view the sway
 Of dull variety the live-long day :
 Hence, opera girls and actresses may ease
 The sinking purse of ev'ry fool they please ;
 And fresh absurdities, with daily force,
 Spring from this constant and prolific source.

Variety with ~~ever-curious~~ eye
 Is ever searching some new joy to buy ;
 And when th' united earth can yield no more
 To please caprice wherever men explore,
 Will lull the tenderest feelings, and expose
 For bribing gold a fellow-mortal's woes ;
 Drag Lambert from his native Leicester's shade
 In all his far-fam'd corpulence array'd,
 To shew to wond'ring foreigners how far
 The English are with common sense at war.
 Hence too the various, ever-shifting scene
 Of force Augusta's gazers to convene :
 For this, they haste where vicious fancy leads,
 And novelty to novelty succeeds ;
 Line the sea-coast, a vast intruding crowd
 Of living lumber, useless, vain, and proud,

To seek that pleasure long in vain pursu'd
In London's scenes of gay vicissitude.

Others there are, nor is the number mean,
Who haunt the Pier, the Esplanade, or Steyne,
An empty, poor, importance to receive,
By those bestow'd, who love the gold they give.
Some, indolence, or discontent, or pride,
Or ostentatious folly, may misguide.
Vain affectation of absurd parade,
Conceit, inconstancy, not few persuade.
Some to obey example leave their home;
And trivial causes prompt them all to roam,
But chiefly FASHION. Mighty sov'reign, hail!
Where'er thou rulest, folly shall prevail;
Wave but thy sceptre, reason shall depart,
And mad absurdity direct the heart;
Conscience, propriety, shall own thy sway,
Religion, honour, friendship, thee obey;
Before thy throne thy smiling votaries fall,
And hail thee sov'reign uncontroll'd of all.

Soon as thy hand the magic wand but waves,
Sense and philosophy become thy slaves;

Whim and caprice erect thy standard high,
 And tempted myriads to thy banners fly.
 Fashion makes great men mean, and rich men poor,
 And drives unwelcome wisdom from the door :
 Fashion makes good men bad, and bad men worse ;
 'Tis England's bane, the universal curse ;
 Sinks honour, genius, taste, and science low
 Beneath soft manners, and a graceful bow.

The garter'd knee, the warrior, and the maid,
 The stately peer, and purse-proud man of trade,
 The virgin's modesty, each mental grace,
 The native beauties of a lovely face,
 Thought's gay luxuriance, fancy's fairest flow'rs,
 Hope, feeling, friendship, taste, with all their pow'rs ;
 The milder virtues, and the polish'd mind,
 Which heart to heart, and man to man, can bind,
 Bow to thy soul-degrading pow'r. The cit,
 The modish simpleton, the would-be wit,
 The graver statesman, and the smirking beau,
 The rich, the poor, the gay, the high, the low,
 All tempers, characters, and ranks confess
 Thy pow'r, and look to thee for happiness.

Hail then, our Island's Queen ! Alone to thee
 Proud England bows her else unbending knee.
 Religion long has sought a blest abode
 High in the bosom of her Parent-God :
 Virtue has left our land, and Faith has fled
 Beyond the grave, the regions of the dead ;
 But thou with still increasing strength shalt reign,
 And govern Albion, while her shores remain.

On listless tribes each rising morning beams,
 Sunk in indiff'rence or in idle schemes,
 How best to pass away the tedious hours
 In languid indolence or base amours.
 Lost to themselves, to reason, and to sense,
 They see for others ev'ry day commence ;
 Or spend the prime of each succeeding day
 In dressing, bathing, trifling, lounging, play.

Some turn with ardent, ever-changing eyes,
 Where Dandelyon's hoary tow'rs arise,
 To sip their coffee, dance along the plain,
 And walk, and talk, and drink, and dance again ;
 Laugh loud, gape round, and ride content away
 To dress for dinner, and so kill the day.

And others here indulge their uncouth pride,
 And leave their toilets for a morning's ride;
 Modest and meek, as country lads and lasses,
 Desert their carriages to mount on asses!
 Degrade their name, their rank, that every fool,
 Who passes by, may sneer and ridicule.
 This is an act, to which caprice could fly
 To catch the gaze, that follows novelty.
 I will not sneer, though trifling be the theme:
 I saw degraded, objects of esteem.

'Tis in the morning too, that far and near
 They hurry down, to strut upon the pier;
 With fix'd, and forward look, and lifted head,
 With solemn gait, and loud, and pompous tread,
 With odour-dealing garb, and trifling air,
 To catch th' attention of the passing fair;
 To shew contemptuous insolence and pride
 To all the folly-serving train beside,
 Who each in turn their purse-proud pomp display,
 And sneer for sneer, and frown for frown repay.
 Thence to the toilet hie, to study there
 How they may best for visitors prepare:

And strive in gay society, to part
 With the dull vacuum hov'ring round the heart ;
 To lose the cold inanity, the void
 Produc'd by wealth and splendour unenjoy'd ;
 An undiscover'd tædium of the breast,
 Nor mirth, nor merriment, can lull to rest.

The evening comes. — Again the toilet calls
 To heated theatres, or crowded balls,
 To vapid compliments, or formal bows,
 A gaping fool to gaping fools bestows :
 Hours roll in languid lassitude away,
 And close with listless apathy the day.

Others there are, who fix their sole regards
 On rank-degrading, time-destroying cards :
 In these their heav'n is center'd ! trumps and deal
 Th' unworthy objects of their ardent zeal :
 In these their happiness, their only joy,
 Attention, study, honour, and employ :
 By peevishness, by ignorance, or age
 Invented, youth and beauty to engage,
 To sink society's distinctions down
 To one grand equal, whether prince or clown ;

Reflection's ranc'rous venom to secrete,
 And the rude qualms of conscience to defeat.
 Worthy the feeling breast, the conscious heart,
 Th' employ of science, or the gifts of art !
 Worthy employment of life's shorten'd span !
 Worthy the godlike energies of man !

Go, Triflers, go ! surround the beaten shore,
 Collect the pebbles, which the last tide bore ;
 Erect a mighty heap, the sandy plain
 Fill with your efforts, line the roaring main :
 Then back, with all the labour of a slave,
 Throw ev'ry gather'd stone into the wave !
 Thine own poor trifling exercise to learn
 An equal object, and a like concern.



Rise, Heraclitus, from the secret deep !
 Oh ! rise to view such madness, and to weep !
 Weep, till thy bitter cry by all be heard,
 And conscience rouse them with a piercing word :
 Weep ! that the British youth will love the crimes,
 That pour disgrace on past and present times :
 Weep ! they to Fashion bow, and hope to find,
 In her vile train, a virtuous peace of mind,

And glide th' ensnaring stream of vice along,
Borne by the gale of luxury and song.

Or if to tears of agony and woe
A careless race would loose attention shew,
Democritus ! O ridicule an age,
Which spurns reflection's monitory page ;
When all uniting in one dull pursuit
Of tasteless follies, base, and dissolute,
An endless round of dissipation lead,
While pleasures, pleasures, in wild rout succeed ;
And, though for ever at a distance cast,
Pursue the fleeting shadows to the last ;
Fatigu'd with splendour, but forbid to part
With the gay phantom, clasp it to the heart.

But reason pauses,—is it best to rule
The flowing tears, and yield to ridicule ;
Or check the rising jest, and loudly wail,
In anxious care, the Follies that prevail ?
With Heraclitus shall the Muse bemoan ?
Or with Democritus all grief disown ?
Answer, my Muse ! the silent Muse forbears,
Amid alternate smiles, alternate tears,

Knows not to answer ; but my purpos'd theme
 Recalls to view with what may best beseem.
 To ridicule or grieve commands delay,
 As characters, and customs point the way.

On yon tall hill, which with projecting brow
 O'erlooks the buildings on the shore below,
 Where many a boyish race I oft have run,
 Pluck'd the sweet primrose in the morning sun,
 Or pass'd on holidays a careless hour
 In chacing butterflies from flow'r to flow'r,
 With confidential Jehu for his guide
 Appears the Phaeton, Sir Julian's pride :
 Soon as the summit of the hill was gain'd,
 And the full view, long wish'd, at length obtain'd,
 " Jehu," exclaims Sir Julian looking down
 Upon the plain, " there is th' expected town :
 " Give me the reins, let me the horses drive,
 " And shew the gaping cits how Sirs arrive !"

Th' obsequious driver hastens to obey,
 Yields up the reins, Sir Julian scours the way :
 From all sides flock the tradesmen to present
 Their cards, and cringing bow a compliment.

Boys stop and stare ; doors, windows, open fly ;
 Dogs run, stand passengers, quick passes by
 The bounding vehicle with dang'rous haste ;—
 And this is titled dignity and taste !
 'Tis grand, 'tis fashionable, dignified,
 And well adorns an English baron's pride !

Sir Julian thinks his title, or his name,
 His splendid villas, or his grandsire's fame,
 Gain this attention : Sir, observe and know,
 A highland bagpipe, or a raree show,
 A pillor'd knave, a dancing bear, or such
 Accomplish'd scenes, would all attract as much.

And could it suit Sir Julian's pride or ease
 To entertain these gazing devotees,
 More votaries of novelty t' allure
 Than such poor gilded playthings could procure ;
 Purchase a tight rope, haste and advertise,
 That all accustom'd forms you hate, despise,
 And firm to prove the doctrine you advance,
 Will on the morrow on the tight rope dance :
 Believe me, mighty Sir, you there would find
 Collected thousands to your grandeur blind,

Who wish to learn if Baronets can well
 The favorite dancer of our land excel.
 (For in our English list of cap'ring grace,
 A Bear is first, a Frenchman next in place,
 Proof of discerning taste! nor foreign charm
 Can tear from Ursine Majesty the palm;
 With all the honours of the pole and chains,
 Lord of our god-like populace it reigns.)
 And ere the morning sun began to dawn,
 Or sleeping fashion had its curtain drawn,
 Each avenue or entrance there would close,
 And further ingress or egress oppose;
 So great the numbers that would crowd to view,
 And give to merit admiration due;
 But still so candid, all would haste to see
 A scaffold, or a throne, with equal glee.

What then is popularity? A blaze,
 A puff, a vapour, and a one day's gaze,
 A breath of fame, by vanity desir'd,
 At virtue's, or at wisdom's, cost acquir'd:
 Fools may esteem it, but the truly wise
 Know its intrinsic baseness, and despise,
 Spurn it with scorn, as given by a crowd,
 Without distinction, to the base and proud.

From this insipid character, we change
 To yonder spot, where gather'd hundreds range
 To where the length'ning pier protrudes its way,
 And all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
 Full half a million of the public hoard,
 And half a century their aid afford,
 To build of Portland stone a mighty mole,
 A guard for cock-boats, and a cit's patrol.

And though, the labour to complete, are laid
 Increasing duties on impeded trade;
 And though yon building charg'd the public store,
 And colonnades require a trifle more,
 For which clipt commerce pays, the British fair,
 Nobles, and fops, and cits, must take the air!
 Important object! here majestic walk,
 In vacant smiles, and fashionable talk.

Yet hence, when Britain's injur'd rights demand,
 The sons of freedom leave their native land
 To hurl defiance on their ancient foe,
 And heav'n's dread justice execute below.
 Oft have I seen the march-worn bands come down,
 Troop after troop, throughout th' extended town;

Anxious, yet firm, they scan the danger nigh,
 Alike prepar'd to conquer or to die.
 Now the lov'd wife, who long had shar'd the toils
 Of her dear lord, and sooth'd them with her smiles,
 The tiresome march had borne, and broken rest,
 By cares, by tears, and ev'ry want distrest ;
 The wife, who knew in all her woes t' impart
 The balm of comfort to her soldier's heart,
 Must take a long adieu ! The ship unmoor'd,
 The sails unfurl'd, his comrades crowd on board ;
 The soldier sees their haste, no time to speak,
 Clasps her lov'd neck, salutes his infant's cheek,
 And flies to join the throng ; without alarm,
 And sweetly cradled on his mother's arm,
 Fatigu'd with constant tumult, slept the child ;
 Wak'd by the father's parting kiss it smil'd,
 And call'd with lisping voice his hurrying sire,
 Who check'd his steps to meet his babe's desire.
 The mother mov'd not ; her faint limbs denied
 Their wonted aid, and still the infant cried :
 T' embrace his child the anxious father burns,
 Leaves the tall ship, and once again returns ;
 His comrades louder call ; with uplift eye,
 He yields to heav'n's kind care his wife and boy ;

Flies the desir'd embrace, and quick t' obey,
Rejoins the ship, and wipes the tear away.

Now fill'd with all the glory-loving host,
The loaded vessels leave the cliff-bound coast :
Swift as they pass the haven's stony gates
Each heart with all a warriour's joy dilates :
The fearless soldiers, and the manly crew
Rush to the side, and shout a long adieu.
Fashion forgets its pride along the pier,
And with loud joy returns th' exulting cheer,
And many a sigh, and many a pray'r ascends
To guard from woes their country's noblest friends.

But who th' emotions of the heart can tell,
When soldiers bid their native land farewell?
The tender thoughts of all they leave behind
Return with unwill'd ardor to the mind :
And though to earth's extremest bounds they roam,
Remembrance leads their fancy back to home.
The youth with tranquil pleasure sees the grove,
Where first he breath'd the secret of his love ;
Recalls to view the face, the voice, the smile,
The trembling hours of danger to beguile,

And bears more calmly war's tremendous storm,
 Inspir'd by mem'ry of Eliza's form !
 The veteran too, who, mark'd with many a scar,
 Had borne too long the rough assaults of war,
 The changeful clime, th' extremes of cold and heat,
 The soldier's ev'ry hardship but defeat ;
 Thinks of his absent children and his spouse,
 And breathes for them to heav'n his ardent vows.
 These o'er the deep his fond remembrance claim,
 And soft affection shares the wreath of fame ;
 And when the battle's soul-arousing noise
 With horrid call his anxious care employs,
 The thought of these far distant fires his heart
 To meet the foe, and bear a cheerful part.
 If conquest crown the tumult of the fight,
 He loves t' anticipate the wild delight ;
 And if united with the victor slain
 He lies neglected on th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Still to his home his dying thought returns,
 To meet their last embrace his bosom burns ;
 To them he looks, in anguish left to die,
 And life's best comforts claim th' expiring sigh.
 And when the night-wind on the blood-stain'd ground
 Sweeps with wild howl, and chills the smarting wound,

The mangled soldier hopes again to come,
 Sick'ning and feeble, to his native home.
 On Ramsgate's coast the wish'd for home is giv'n,
 And claims the veteran's grateful thanks to heav'n.

Hail to the honour'd name, that kindly wise
 Bade yonder hospitable walls arise !
 The wounded warrior there may find relief,
 Secure from pain, and toil, fatigue, and grief,
 And ev'ry pang inflicted by the foe,
 Forbade, till cur'd of ev'ry wound, to go.
 'Twas TOWNLEY bade the sacred walls ascend,
 The monarch's, country's, and the soldier's friend.

Near where I stand collects a num'rous throng
 Of polish'd triflers, tripping light along,
 Of gamesters, traders, statesmen, knights, and cits,
 Of gentlemen, pretenders, quacks, and wits,
 Clerks, and apprentices, with well-bred peers,
 Alike unknown as rivals or compeers ;
 Triflers, and loungers sneering, fawning, proud,
 Best bows, best clothes, best looks, a motley crowd,
 Press through the well-dress'd ranks their elbow'd way,
 And force their passage onward as they may.

Among the first, the gayest of the gay,
 And all to all, who bear a patron's sway,
 Pharos, an embryo divine, appears,
 Eager to shine amidst his young compeers;
 Display a taper finger, and it's ring,
 Trifle, or dance, bow, compliment, or sing;
 Nay, more—to preach, when free from diffidence,
 Assurance takes the place of better sense:
 A superficial skill in classic lore,
 Conceit, and borrow'd notes, his only store;
 To these his friends, and ordination join,
 With gown and band, you view the grave divine,
 To whom th' important charge of souls is giv'n,
 To guide the wand'rer on his way to heav'n.
 Blind leader of the blind! Is this the man,
 Design'd to shew his race salvation's plan;
 Who seeks the fleece, to other objects slow,
 And lets the grand concern, their safety, go?

But Pharos thinks that flattery, not devotion,
 Is the true road to clerical promotion;
 And forms from this his priestly plan, to suit
 His conduct to his Lord's without dispute;

Esteeming it the will of heav'n, to care
 First for ourselves, and then for heav'n prepare.
 Alas ! but listen, Pharos ; list a tale ;
 Though not religion, satire may prevail.

On this same subject, in their evening walk,
 Two holy men were once engag'd in talk.
 Much argument was urg'd on either hand,
 How rectitude or interest should command :
 Should man, when foolish, ignorant, and dark,
 In the priest's sacred office dare embark ?
 Of inspiration make the solemn vow,
 And, as self-interest prompts, to Mammon bow ?
 Cancel all oaths, as what they take in course
 To give their sacred character due force ?
 Or cast the world aside, and faithful prove
 To those, whom Providence commands to love ?

Ventoso answer'd, " That all human kind
 " Should be to all, but their own int'rests, blind :
 " Nature's great law ; I love it, and obey ;
 " My flock may guide themselves the heav'nly way ;
 " Nor can I see, the all-creating pow'r
 " Forbids me to improve the golden hour."

Eusebius quickly, in reply, outdrew
 His tablets, writing G, O, D, in view,
 And to Ventoso show'd :—" See, sir, this word
 " Is the great name of thy creator, God.
 " Observe it well, examine every part ;
 " You see it plain, no stratagem, or art,
 " No strange appearance, and no false disguise,
 " No film appears before the clouded eyes,
 " Your vision to deceive."—" I see none."—" Well,
 " I place a guinea here : can you now tell
 " The reason GOD no longer can be seen?"
 " The reason, sir ? 'tis plain,—there's gold between."

There walks Theronio, with look sedate,
 With polish'd air, and fashionable gait ;
 A man of fashion ! O, describe who can,
 This summary of all absurd in man !
 Guided by Chesterfield's pernicious page,
 Sole rule and guide of this voluptuous age,
 Models from this, his principles and heart,
 And gilds his motives with unworthy art.
 " While my life lasts," he cries, " I drain the bowl
 " Of well-fill'd pleasure, with an ardent soul :
 " Give me to know the world, the rapt'rous joy
 " Of things forbidden, till tir'd lust can cloy :

" Give me the bashful female to mislead,
 " Consistent with the noble Dormer's creed :
 " His well-turn'd periods teach me ne'er to swerve
 " From my seductive purpose, but preserve
 " Command of face, the frame of mind to hide,
 " A grave exterior, and a modest pride ;
 " Conceal resentment, learn to judge alone
 " Of others' inward feelings from my own :
 " With prudence guard myself ; but learn with skill
 " Others to lull supinely to my will ;
 " Of either sex the foibles, passions mind,
 " To all with pliancy of manners blind ;
 " Flatter their foolish pride, be all to all,
 " Cringe, soothe, praise, smile, till each my conquest
 fall !"

And 'tis with this vile code, religion, law,
 Virtue, and modesty, must be at war ;
 A code, with infamy and vice replete,
 Form'd to corrupt, and grounded on deceit.
 " But gallantry," Theronio cries, " I love ;
 " 'Tis the chief aim, my serious pow'rs approve."
 Yes, Gallantry ! the newly-fangled name,
 To clothe the vice, reflection must disclaim :

'Tis a degrading eagerness t' effect
 Their ruin, man is honor'd to protect ;
 T'avow sensations, never felt or known ;
 Profess, that base profession to disown ;
 To whisper adulation, where they scorn,
 And if not victors, plant the murd'rous thorn :
 If conquest crown their enterprise, to leave
 The wretch, they had the baseness to deceive :
 And if an uncheck'd sigh or tear impart
 The beating anguish of the suff'ring heart,
 Insult on injury will close the scene,
 And prove the vice unmanly as 'tis mean.

Lo! there with waving plume, and pompous pace,
 The forms of British officers I trace!
 I love a soldier, let his actions be
 Such as will prove the man and name agree ;
 With whom let valor, virtue, truth, unite
 With pow'r in peace to rule, in war to fight ;
 With whom—but in the portraiture of two,
 With small exception, their whole race I view.

Phalerio is a soldier : shall I name
 Him, whom the sash alone can so proclaim ?

Soft and effeminate, who roves the streets,
 With fancied right insulting all he meets ;
 " Perfumed like a milliner," array'd
 In scarlet, yet of every gust afraid,
 And dreading e'en his own enamell'd blade. }
 Proud of the three hours' dress, and tripping tread,
 He gives his heels the honours of his head.
 The glitt'ring shoulder-knot, the sumptuous hilt,
 Gold lace, and gorget, tinsel, tassel, gilt ;
 In these bedeck'd, a nation's masquerade,
 Our modern soldier shines ; the gay parade,
 Processions, and presented colours, balls,
 Sham fights, and fine reviews, his only calls.

This veteran warrior, hardy, firm, and bold,
 Engag'd 'midst dews and fogs would die with cold ;
 Damps, winds, and showers, in fierce confusion shed,
 Would spoil the honours of his powder'd head ;
 Tarnish the glossy colours of his coat,
 And break the fine-ton'd smoothness of the throat.
 The vast fatigue, call'd forth by drum or flute,
 His tender constitution would not suit !

Stand forth in all thy sumptuous panoply,
 Thou hollow prop of falling liberty,

Sunshine defender of thy monarch's cause,
 Thy country's honour, and thy country's laws,
 Poor champion of insulted England's coast,
 Stand forth complete, in all thy taudry boast.
 'Tis well:—but, sir, yon cloud foretells a rain,
 Hoist thine umbrella then, haste home again,
 And join, in mean security, thy train. }

Here change the scene ! Androphonus I hold
 To be the noble soldier, true and bold,
 Firm to his sov'reign, at his country's call
 To stand in arms, to conquer or to fall ;
 And bind himself, by honour's sacred tie,
 To draw his sword for victory, or die ;
 With British ardor ply the work of death,
 And make th' opposing breast his falchion's sheath ;
 Fierce and untam'd, in fight will take his share,
 And glory in the well-won spoils of war.

Reverse the trait : though valiant and humane,
 Society offended will complain :
 For with his name his actions ill agree,
 A man of honour, and a debauchee.
 A man of honour ! O, the term deplore,
 Honour ! a word to swear by, and no more.

A soldier should be noble and sincere,
 A friend's offence o'erlook, yet know not fear;
 Give not offence, nor insult take; defend
 His good esteem, without a slaughter'd friend;
 Preserve his honour, spotless, firm, and pure,
 To guide his path, and make his way secure.

Well then,—his sword is drawn for England's cause,
 Her constitution, dignity, and laws;
 To guard her with the zeal, that worth sublimes,
 Yet pierce her to the vitals with his crimes.
 In him the warrior's mightiest skill appears,
 With ev'ry grace that man to man endears;
 In him are all the vices that employ
 Corrupted nature, and the mind destroy.
 Gifted with all, can shame or can adorn,
 He stands at once our wonder and our scorn;
 Till death, his life both vain and useless end,
 And vice with virtue, in oblivion blend.

Here comes Catellus :—" Sir, you humblest slave,
 " If I intrude, I must your pardon crave —
 " Sir, your devoted, most obedient — pray
 ' Believe me, sir, your slave — no news to-day

“ Great changes lately — ball to-night — all well ?
 “ Fine evening, sir — excuse me, sir — farewell.”
 Such are the terms, that common sense appal,
 Unmeaning phrases, serv'd alike to all.

Catellus makes it his supreme delight
 To be esteemed a man, genteel, polite :
 Unsparing or of bow or servile cringe,
 He will not on good breeding's laws infringe ;
 Extravagantly “ yours” will kiss your hand,
 Quick to obey, whatever you command ;
 To all you say will readily accede,
 A gentleman most complaisant indeed !

Catellus is an atheist, and a wit,
 Profane, or pious, as the times permit :
 Passes an empty jest in hopes to gain
 Th' approving laugh from triflers just as vain.
 Each lady laughing her white teeth displays ;
 Grinning applause he gains, and grins repays ;
 In blasphemous burlesque will scripture cite,
 Drink, swear, and lie, and all to be polite.
 O were to me the pow'r of vengeance giv'n,
 I'd “trip him that his heels might kick at heav'n :”

The man, conceal'd beneath the vile disguise,
 Through life's continued round that heav'n defies,
 Till late reflection stop his life's dull jest,
 And prove the way of manly good the best.

Proud of the ancient honours of his race,
 Gentilio walks the loftiest in the place.
 When bastard William bent the Norman bow,
 That laid the fairest hart of England low,
 His pirate grandsire join'd the robber train,
 And forg'd a link to Anglia's heavy chain;
 Waded through blood to gain a petty state,
 Plunder'd and siez'd a Saxon lord's estate.
 Shall not the heir of this illustrious line
 In such great honours, in such glories join,
 Which still unstain'd in history's page appear?
 No, he can bow, can dance, can walk the pier,
 And rest contented with his grandsire's fame,
 Supinely happy in a borrow'd name.

When William came, (excuse me if not true)
 Methinks, my lord, I had a grandsire too,
 But never did the thought my time employ,
 If as a chief he came or drummer-boy.

Nor can it claim importance : let it be
 The first momentous question, What are we ?
 Nobility is nothing, 'tis the mind
 Stamps the great man that soars above his kind :
 And let the cultivated mind (though poor
 Its owner be, his humble life obscure)
 Be plac'd in competition with the peer :
 One I disdain, the other I revere.
 " By outward shew" (says Gay) " let's not be cheated,
 " For ev'ry ass, should like an ass be treated."

Mercius, a wealthy upstart, unrefin'd,
 Of rudest manners, and a sordid mind,
 His well-known insignificance to hide,
 Affects contemptuous airs, and ill-learnt pride.
 Fond of his riches, unannoy'd by sense,
 Mercius is call'd a man of consequence ;
 Unwearied in accumulating ore,
 Untir'd in adding to his golden store,
 Loss, profit, traffic, once his chief concerns,
 Now the gay courtier's supple art he learns.

A book there is, which men of wealth despise,
 Which men of learning read to criticise,

Which men of modern taste and wit disown,
 To men of fashion totally unknown,
 Entitled Scripture: there we learn content,
 With true religion its fair ornament,
 Is the best treasure, is the greatest gain:
 Some citizens reverse the holy strain;
 With them, the richest man is just and pure,
 And wealth is true religion, when secure;
 Virtue no more an object of their search,
 Gold is their God, the counting-house their church.

Once as I pass'd his door at setting sun,
 I heard a father's precepts to his son:
 "Get money, boy, and justly if you can;
 "If not, get money, boy; it makes the man.
 "Care not for honour, conscience, justice, virtue,
 "Get money, money, boy, and what can hurt you?
 "And when you pray, be this the first request,—
 "Let me be ever richer than the rest;
 "Let me go on, and still increase my store,
 "My millions heap, and still heap millions more;
 "'Tis all I want, a suppliant at thy shrine,
 "Grant this first, dearest, only, wish of mine.

" Get money, boy, while money's in thy pow'r ;
 " Improve the golden, but the fleeting hour ;
 " Honour and dignity shall life attend ;
 " With money thou shalt never want a friend.
 " Money the soul's most darling wish shall give,
 " While life remains, and gold's attractions live.
 " Get money then, and justly, if you can :
 " If not, get money, boy ; it makes the man !"

Search round Augusta's walls, and there survey
 What crowds this sov'reign deity obey.
 All-potent gold the wealthy citling's aim,
 The shrine, at which are offer'd health and fame.
 Reason, and thought, the intellectual world,
 Action and passion (Mammon's flag unfurl'd)
 Crowd to the banner, at the idol's fane
 Bow unrequir'd, and find at last their bane ;
 Peace, happiness, and nature, unenjoy'd,
 And all the godlike pow'rs of man destroy'd.

Farewell ! Enjoy, if still be thine the pow'r,
 The short-liv'd triumph of the fleeting hour :
 Farewell ! the Muse may gaze, and think, and mourn,
 And not one trifier from his trifling turn.

Thus, on th' Athenian walk, the sage survey'd
Excess the far-fam'd sons of Greece degrade ;
Foretold their ruin ; but, alas ! too late
Foretold, and grieving left them to their fate :
'Twas then that soul-pervading lux'ry shed
Its bitter slavery on their fallen head :
The pomp of Athens, with her pride and pow'r,
Fell in self-ruin, in one dreadful hour ;
And sunk, in one confusion, science, art,
With all that bounteous heav'n to Athens could impart.

RAMSGATE;
OR THE
VISITORS OF A WATERING PLACE:
A SATIRIC POEM.
IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—The Library—Characters of Women—Fashionable old Woman—Fashionable Wife—Affected Girl—Disappointed Maid—Citizen's Daughter—Novel Reader—Sentimentalist—Della Crusca Poetess—Female Gambler—Address to Fair Sex—Sabbath, Employments of—Chapel, &c.—Conclusion.

RAMSGATE.

BOOK II.

As cowards dread the terrors of the fight,
Or fell assassins the return of light ;
As idle fears the skulking thief betray,
And bare the villain to the eye of day ;
So they, whose conscience owns the picture true,
Think that themselves are held to public view ;
That busy scandal aims at them alone,
And tells the sneering crowd, their deeds are known.

Think as you please, good visitors ; let me
Continue still to write from what I see.
Rise, honest Satire ! yet, my verse, disclaim
Invenom'd sallies on a worthy name.

While some the varying scenes of nature please,
 And some frequent our shores for health or ease,
 Success be theirs! But be it mine to class
 Folly's long train, and hold up nature's glass.

More shameless priests than one are daily seen,
 Who blast our country, and their rank demean :
 More military fops, who strut and stare ;
 More men of fashion, who debauch and swear ;
 More fawning rogues, more money-scraping knaves
 Than one there are, and each our satire craves.
 In one great name I class them all, to find
 How numerous is the train to virtue blind.

Lo! where yon building ends the public street,
 Spacious and simple, unadorn'd and neat :
 The window stuff'd with toys and caricatures,
 A nameless heap, the stranger's gaze allures :
 Pamphlets and trinkets strike the lounge's eye,
 And well disclose the spacious LIBRARY.

Here ev'ry worthy townsman comes to read
 The daily news, and know how " things proceed :"
 Here worn-out captains, in their age discreet,
 Their fellow-politician soldiers meet ;

All spectacl'd sagaciously to learn,
 If aught have happen'd to engage concern:
 Trace and discuss with due deliberation,
 And settle all the bus'ness of the nation:
 Boldly pronounce such measures cannot last,
 Soon we must be to want and ruin cast;
 One gen'ral bankruptcy involve us all,
 King, peers, and public, in destruction fall.
 Well, heav'n forefend the day, but come it must,
 When Britain's pride shall level with the dust,
 And neighb'ring nations wonder where is gone
 The queen of honour, freedom's ancient throne.

Wise mortals! know ye not, th'almighty hand
 Girt for himself with silver cliffs our land?
 Calm'd with his potent glance the troublous main,
 Plung'd his stern arm deep through the wat'ry plain,
 And from the wild abyss tore forth our isle,
 Blessing the freshling with eternal smile,
 Clos'd in his everlasting arms to reign,
 Unequall'd and alone, while time and earth remain.

Land of my birth, hail! heav'nly island, hail!
 Th' united world o'er thee shall ne'er prevail:

Thy ruin, thine, my country ! O, 'twould steel
 The weakest heart, and make a coward feel :
 The states of Europe may decline, but thou
 Canst only to the will of Godhead bow.

HERE too the fair assemble, to require
 The last new novel, folks so much admire ;
 Whisper sweet assignations, where to rove
 With the dear coxcomb fate forbids to love,
 Or lisp soft scandal : but I must not dare,
 With impious pen, to satirize the fair.
 No, temp'ers of mankind ! the youthful wight
 To hurt your waxwork feelings cannot write :
 He will not, as your sland'ers do, protest
 Your sex a raging, congregated pest :
 Fools ye must have, or else ye cannot sway,
 For none but fools will womankind obey.
 No ! but to give due praise I stand prepar'd,
 Nor say with others that the work is hard.
 When the fam'd Rhodian stole from ev'ry face,
 To form his statue, each collected grace,
 An English beauty had the sculptor seen,
 That were the finest model for his queen.
 Woman to cheer the heart of man was giv'n,
 The last, most precious, gift of bounteous heav'n :

Queen of the world, supreme in pow'r she reigns,
And binds her captive, man, in silken chains.

But should we see a robe, unsullied, pure,
Spotless, and chaste, from deeper stain secure,
Yet if by chance a trivial mark imprint
Th' unfading beauty of the virgin vest,
The worthless blemish strikes at once our eye,
And in that sole defect its graces die :
That mark I view ; permit me, fair, to show
How small a blemish on your honours grow.

Who then to satire's vengeance first is due,
Chief of the varied group I now review ?
Anilia, an old woman,—hold, I mean,
Elderly lady, of decrepid mien,—
Although her charms long time has not improv'd,
Thinks herself young enough to be belov'd ;
And though through sixty summers Time has shed
His silver honours on her hoary head,
Fashion may hide it all, and she may gain
Another lord to soothe her love-sick pain.

For 'tis the first, the ruling wish of life,
With many of her sex, to be a wife ;

For this, bedeck'd in fashionable gear,
 The youthful-painted fair parades the pier ;
 Trembling with cold beneath the scanty dress,
 She hopes some unfix'd stripling to impress :
 Like Egypt's goddess, precious to behold,
 A monkey's form emboss'd in shining gold ;
 With dim eyes, destitute of sight or fire,
 Will twinkle tenderness, and leer desire.

Livetta's life is one continued round
 Of concerts, parties, bustle, noise, and sound :
 Engagements through six nights claim all regards,
 The sabbath-eve, a private game of cards :
 Balls, operas, plays, frequented to display
 The mode she takes her lord to disobey ;
 For 'tis the glory of a modern wife
 To prove her fashion, spirit, taste, and life,
 At all events to disoblige her lord,
 A tame, domestic animal abhorr'd ;
 Oblige her dear " five hundred chosen friends,"
 Yield to whate'er the doctor recommends,
 At proper intervals feel nervous pains,
 Yield up her children to a hireling's reins ;
 Drive down the tide, with all the thoughtless throng,
 And all, alas! to be esteem'd *bon ton*!

And such Livetta is, 'midst all disturb'd
 By the long tedium of caprice uncurb'd;
 She flies to dissipation's guileful art,
 To calm the secret bodings of the heart.

Livia, ambition's dupe! can I forget
 Thy banish'd peace without sincere regret?
 Mercius, thy wealthy sire, to crown his store
 With noble's dignity, hath made thee poor.
 None in the side-box sports a fairer arm,
 Or glitters more with each adorning charm;
 No mansion is more gay; a longer train
 Of pamper'd menials none can entertain:
 Can chariots, jewels, luxury, or show,
 With all that fashion gives, one charm bestow?
 Ah! what avails the coronet and court,
 Thy splendid balls, where monarchs might resort,
 When all that bow at honour's gilded shrine
 Are less than nothing to a mind like thine?

Long was thy heart bestow'd in purest love;
 Sweet the breath'd vow within the secret grove:
 By thee the true seraphic bliss was known,
 To find a soul congenial with thine own;

Form'd for themselves alone, an equal pair,
 And " heav'n approv'd the raptures utter'd there :"
 Approv'd the fervent vow, sincere, refin'd,
 And bless'd the love that govern'd either mind.
 Thy sire forbade, unfeeling and severe,
 Forbade the meeting, and the vow sincere ;
 Then introduc'd thee to the world polite,
 A gilded bait for pauper'd peers to bite,
 Expos'd as horses, or as hounds, to sale,
 As folly, whim, or wild caprice, prevail :
 Thyself, thy vows, thy Edward's love disdain'd,
 Their polish'd insults by no fear restrain'd :
 Thy wealth obtain'd the coronet and lord,
 Disgusting dignity, and pomp abhorr'd,
 Unwilling sacrifice at mis'ry's shrine,
 To listless hours, and splendid scenes supine :
 Ennobled, honour'd, at the mighty cost
 Of happiness, for ever, ever lost !

Flavia, a blooming maiden of fifteen,
 " To be admir'd needs only to be seen :"
 But with the mincing mouth, and languid eye,
 And lisping tongue so soft, and head awry,
 False airs of dignity and studied dress
 At once disperse the love, we first confess ;

For search each fashionable breast, we find
 Dress is the certain index of the mind ;
 Howe'er fantastic, trifling, vain, or light,
 With that the certain soul will e'er unite.

Whence is the wond'rous contrast? whence the cause,
 Flavia opposes nature, and her laws?
 Flavia loves novels, thinks there is a chance
 Herself may be a heroine of romance.
 All common lovers stand alike abhorr'd ;
 Th' intriguing colonel, or the rakish lord,
 May scale her midnight window, and converse
 In rhapsody, or soft prosaic verse,
 Till with th' attractive fortune and her charms
 She meets her ruin in a villain's arms,
 Ends the dear dream, and Drury's haunts receive
 The victim of the tales our nov'lists weave.

Hence, pamp'ers of the heart of guileless youth !
 Hence, foes to female purity and truth !
 By you Augusta's streets are nightly fill'd ;
 By you the luscious poison is instill'd.
 Ask of the wretched thousands that disgrace
 Our crowded pathways, and their sex debase,

What first induc'd them reason to degrade,
 Pursue th' unholy, and unhappy trade?
 In tawdry, sentimental, lustre drest,
 The novel rais'd the passion in the breast,
 Lull'd modest fears, and pointed out the way,
 Where the seducer found his easy prey.

There stands the soft Matilda, gentle, mild,
 Tender and languishing as any child :
 None can trip sprightlier down the crowded dance,
 Sing sweeter, or a lovelier foot advance ;
 Talk sentiment, so tender, or decry
 An ardent suitor with a milder eye.

Matilda loves sweet Della Crusca's verse,
 With all the melting scenes her lines rehearse :
 Wishes a past'ral crook and fellow-swain,
 To contemplate the mead, or dewy plain ;
 In soft endearments pass the rosy hours,
 And pluck the radiant beauties of the flow'rs ;
 Tread on the verdant path with moss o'ergrown,
 And hail the incense-breathing eve alone ;
 Secure and tranquil from infuriate foes,
 To break a rosy-finger'd maid's repose,

The beauteous ringlets floating far behind,
 By no rude, harsh, barbarian grasp entwin'd,
 Rove by the stream, swift purling in a round,
 With flow'ry chaplets on the margin crown'd.

Thus fancy wanders, and in vile bombast
 She tells the common scenes of life she pass'd.
 One night a dance employ'd the fleeting time;
 The scene Matilda told in terms sublime:—

“ With many twinkling feet within the door
 “ We ken'd the trippers on the chalk-drawn floor;
 “ Inhal'd the fragrant lamps, balsamic steam,
 “ Issuing from various hues the pallid gleam;
 “ But when to sweetest sympathies attun'd,
 “ The silver lutes emit the thrilling sound;
 “ So languid grew my frame, I stretch my hand,
 “ To sip in blest retreat the mixture bland,
 “ Of Lisbon fruit and grateful western cane,
 “ To close the warbling and extatic pain.”

Believe me, fair, such trifles should be clad
 In common terms at least, not prose run mad.
 Instead of shady grot, or purling rill,
 The turbid soft retreats of Ludgate-Hill

Invite thy footsteps! go then, knit, make pies,
And let thy parents think for once thou 'rt wise.

Seest thou that woe-worn form with grief o'erspread,
The pallid feature, and the falt'ring tread?
Heard'st thou the sigh, sent from the inmost breast?
It says that sorrow is the painful guest:
Dejection's pangs, corroding, rankle there,
And wild solicitude, and mad despair.

Alena once was pure as early morn,
Fair as the flow'ret that bedecks the lawn;
Of man the idol, but her fellows' pain,
Lovelier than all the loveliest of her train:
Young Edward lov'd, Alena own'd his flame,
A sire's approval soon confirm'd the claim.
Far from a father's eye her youthful lord
Lov'd the gay scenes, which London's walls afford,
'The lounge by day, the rooms or dice at night,
In fashion's ev'ry haunt his chief delight:
Alena still he lov'd, and trifling o'er,
Affection would return with threefold pow'r;
Then sorrow first began: Alena long
Refus'd to join the dissipated throng;

Proud fashion's strict and obligating ties
 Had learnt with all their tinsel to despise :
 But when her lord united his request
 To clasp th' alluring dæmon to her breast,
 Uncountenanc'd, alone, she could not stand,
 But sighing, yielded to the new command :
 From pleasurable scene to scene she past,
 Till all the gambler fix'd her hopes at last.
 That eye, in which the tender feeling glow'd,
 Was now on icy avarice bestow'd :
 That arm, fair nature cast in happiest mould,
 Employ'd in heaping, or in counting gold.
 Unlovely act! sad, indecorous deed!
 Perversion base of all that heav'n decreed!
 I saw the beauteous flow'r begin to fade;
 Paleness the lily and the rose degrade :
 I saw how fled each mental grace away;
 Saw fine-nerv'd sensibility decay;
 Anxiety and care destroy repose,
 And the form wither like a sapless rose.
 Nor ended here the woe-drawn, bitter care;
 Sunk in a villain's base nefarious snare,
 Gradual he gain'd the diamond and the gold,
 With the last stake Alena could uphold.

Her lord's, her own, her parent's wealth was gone :
 He won the desp'rate stake ! she stood alone !
 He nam'd with confidence the price to gain
 The wealth she lost, and ease the secret pain :
 She wept, she trembled, but Alena fell,
 And the base triumph scandal hied to tell.
 By all deserted, still she weeps and pines,
 As wasting melancholy life declines !

Farewell, Alena, and farewell, ye fair !
 My pen shall advocate your cause, and dare
 To show proud man, 'tis from themselves that flow
 The source of all the folly, vice, and woe,
 That thus degrade your sex, and sink to scorn
 The gift of heav'n, our being to adorn.
 Woman was form'd to please, to please mankind ;
 The heart of man in golden chains to bind.
 Hence the sweet softness of the heighten'd grace,
 Of polish'd virtues, or a lovely face.
 Virtue is woman's hemisphere, and there
 She shines resplendent, as an angel fair :
 Could man love virtue, had he pow'r to prove,
 In his degraded state, the force of love ;

Love, upon which the deity could smile,
 Which can the pangs of grief, or care beguile,
 In woman it is found ; but man unwise,
 Sees modest virtue only to despise :
 Hates what is truly good, but loves the base,
 The bad, the worthless, who their sex disgrace.
 If woman hope to please degenerate man,
 In these degenerate days, the courtesan
 With all her arts she must affect, and try
 To please by vice, the vicious to outvie.
 Hard is thy fate, frail woman ! Then forbear,
 To please vain man, the garb of vice to wear :
 Know thine own worth, despise a vain esteem,
 And rule o'er man in virtuous pow'r supreme.

It fits not thus my rambling pen should run,
 But one scene more, my friends, and I have done ;
 The sabbath dawns, (once thought a day of rest)
 By heav'n ordain'd, of all our days the best.
 But here, where all employ is dress alone,
 Or trifling follies, industry is shown
 Greater than in the vanish'd week beside,
 Greater exertions in laborious pride,

Greater attentions to the conscious glass,
How their compeers in folly to surpass.

The upper-maid, in hurry, bustles down
Her lavender'd and weekly-guarded gown :
Her smiles to gain, the butler, with due care
And equal skill, powders his roughen'd hair :
Ladies and milliners the various graces
Sport well, of well-turn'd feet or painted faces :
While peeresses and dames of fashion join
The self-same work, t' adorn the day divine.

Hark! the bell rings, in order all approach,
A vast best-coated tribe, on foot, in coach :
The rolling chariot next bedusts the road,
And at the door ejects th' important load.
Swells lordly dignity to go to pray'r,
My lady trips, with true devotion's air.
And pious spirit, up the long-drawn aisles,
Greeting her fellow-saints with modish smiles.
Gay fops their watch chains, ladies sport their arms,
Rais'd on the hassocks to display the charms
Of sparkling eyes, dress, diamonds, and rings,
Affected simpers, and such sacred things,

Most admirably suited to the word,
 Of "pity us, poor wretched sinners, Lord!"
 Now Pharos mounts the rostrum, and expands
 The gilded, hot-press'd, leaves, and lily hands,
 And takes the text, a motto to supply
 The purpos'd end, to plead for charity.

"My friends," the fair-form'd pretty priest begins,
 "I plead for charity to hide your sins;
 "Give freely then, and God, as is most due,
 "Shall give his heav'n, in just return, to you."

Then slow th' assembly move, but at the door
 Wardens and aldermen collect the store,
 Bestow'd in pompous kindness to the poor.
 By some, of int'rest void, their wealth is giv'n,
 With hearts that glow with gratitude to heav'n.
 They pass but few indeed; all eyes await,
 Who next will pass the consecrated gate:
 Bows, curtsies, whisp'rings, and "what news from
 "home?"

When over, lo! our fashionables come:
 With ease and careless flirt, at once they give,
 Look round, and gently bid their coachman drive,

Well pleas'd with all the incense of applause,
 Fools undiscerning give without a cause.
 And still the monied heap is swell'd, as more,
 Or less, may happen to surround the door.

In such devotion spent (to neighb'ring eyes
 And not to heaven paid) the morning flies :
 Now they retire to contemplate and pray,
 And uniformly close the holy day !
 Not quite so : for our fashionists opine,
 That they may think of God and things divine,
 Upon their sinful state, and God's free grace,
 In pier saloons, or such like solemn place :
 " Once in the day, suffice it that we hear
 " Of things we know,—drive, coachman, to the pier."

This is the time, the sabbath morn, when meets
 Each week-day raker of the public streets,
 Shipwrights, and parish 'prentice boys, who use,
 But once a week, clean linen or clean shoes ;
 Gay milliners, and all the motley tribe,
 Nor time, nor will, permits us to describe.
 With these, howe'er, an alderman polite,
 Or mighty noble cannot deign unite.

With solemn pace to yon saloon they go,
 Where fools above gaze down on fools below ;
 Where military coxcombs stand, and prate
 In female ears, and enter in debate
 On fashionable gowns, and patterns new,
 And how to give a milliner her due ;
 Whisper soft flatt'ry in th' attentive ear,
 And turn aside to hide th' unwilling sneer.
 Here, chosen friends, their chosen friends to please,
 Will introduce them to the gay trustees ;
 Here, ev'ry scornful and intruding guest
 Would seem, if possible, above the rest ;
 Here smiles hide jealousies, and many a frown
 Giv'n to the wearer of a splendid gown.
 For dress their whole attention claims ; in this
 Alone is center'd all their pride and bliss.

When now the clowns below have gaz'd enough
 At fashion, perch'd above in blue and buff,
 And slow retiring, had sufficient stare
 At all the fashionables mounted there ;
 Then too, though slow, the graceful tribes descend,
 Bow answers parting bow, and friend leaves friend,

Nor caring for the beauties of the scene,
 Their end is gain'd, they came but to be seen.
 Slow they retire; all better things neglect,
 To form the parties, falsely call'd select,
 To dance, to sing, to trifle, or to play
 A careless, languid game of cards, and say,
 The sabbath's over, that fatiguing day!

Ramsgate, farewell! my native town, adieu!
 My parting steps still fondly turn to you.
 On thy tall cliffs my native tow'rs arise;
 To thee I turn with fond and ardent eyes:
 Though far from thee, far destin'd to remove,
 Fancy endears the plains and shades I love;
 And mem'ry still, with pleasure mix'd with pain,
 Shall oft recall thy beauteous fields again.

On yonder cliffs, from books, and friends, and home,
 In youthful feeling lost, I lov'd to roam.
 There oft I watch'd the sun's declining beam,
 That ting'd th' horizon with his parting gleam:
 And much I lov'd the favorite walk! But now,
 On all sides scatter'd round, above, below,

Piles upon piles, and domes on domes ascend ;
 On either chalky cliff their fronts extend,
 And bid the verdure of the landscape cease,
 And pomp, and luxury, and pow'r increase.

Yet hail, dear native spot! Begone, Regret :
 If these can make thee happy, I forget
 My ev'ry trivial grief; but here no more
 My feet can wander former scenes t' explore.
 And if no more I may the fields describe,
 My task it was to sing th' intruding tribe,
 Who caus'd the hideous change: this task is done,
 And general is my satire, aim'd at none.
 At individual worth I do not aim,
 I hurl no slander on a private name ;
 I stab not in the dark; I do not hate
 The name I satirize, nor yet relate
 A fact untrue; and much disdain to try,
 A modish age with scandal to supply.

The vicious, worthless, characters of those
 Who best deserve it, I alone expose;
 And ev'ry character from life is drawn,
 Class'd by itself, and held to public scorn,

That all who see themselves the truth may read
And lasting reformation truth succeed ;
That others may reform by what they see,
Preserve themselves from deeper folly free ;
Love not for fashion's sake their own disgrace,
Despise the actions of a senseless race,
And spurn the vices of a Wat'ring-place. }

THE END.



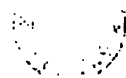
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